

Reaper

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Summary: Rezi Elias is a genius in some sense of the word sporting multiple P.H.D's and currently working on one in Mathematics under the teachings of one Professor Charlie Eppes, too bad he has a hard time remembering she's supposed to be his student and nothing more, follow this unlikely pair as they use they're amazing minds to solve crimes and maybe find love. Charlie/OC

Reaper

His eyes unwillingly found her again, distracted by the way she swung her feet under her desk in the third row. And the way her sweater kept falling off her right shoulder exposing smooth tan skin in spite of her dragging it back up, or the way she never seemed to be paying attention despite her perfect grade.

She was a distraction.

One that a professor like him shouldn't have, he could argue that she shouldn't have dainty little piercings in her face or pale pink hair for him to be distracted by but that simply wasn't logical. And if Charlie Eppes was anything it was logical.

He was waiting on her to pull some sort of sugar out of her pale blue messenger bag, as if he wouldn't notice, last week it was a green apple slush, today it seemed to be a pint of Ben and Jerry's along with a plastic spoon.

He held in a sigh glancing at the clock and quickly giving out the homework assignment when he realized the bell was about to ring.

When the shrill ring of the bell came a few moments later, he waved goodbye to his students. Once almost everyone was gone he turned to the chalk board and began to frantically erase the complicated equations, before moving to fill in the newly blank space with

equations even more complex than the ones before it.

"Whatcha working on?" He spun around at the sweet sound of her voice brushing a stray curl out of his face.

She was blinking at him with her light brown eyes, her spoon hanging from her pink lips, ice cream held tightly in her left hand. "Miss Elias, why are you eating ice cream in my class?" He asked in light exasperation.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to call me 'Miss Elias' it's Rezi. Just Rezi." She asked with a roll of her eyes hopping up to sit on his desk in a way that should seem inappropriate, but with her pink hair in a spunky pony tail, a pint of 'Chunky Monkey' in her hand and her five foot two stature it seemed laughably innocent.

"About as many times as I have to tell you to call me Professor Eppes and not Charlie," He responded immediately the two of them having this conversation way too often, Rezi was friendly she wanted to form friendships with not only her classmates but also her Professors, Charlie was aware of that.

They actually where friends in a way, at the ripe age of twenty two she really wasn't that much younger then he was, and already sporting multiply PHD's she was somewhat of a genius like him, and while mathematics was her newest conquest she had a mind more like Sherlock Holmes then a Professor. He often let her observe his theories, he liked what her different mindset could bring to them but right now he was working on something for Don, which meant it was a federal issue and he wasn't exactly aware of the rules for that sort of thing.

He made another pointed gesture at her ice cream to get his mind back on track, trying to hind his amusement when she huffed pouting down at the pint in her hand like it had offended her. "I got it this morning and haven't had the time to put in the freezer and if I don't eat it now the little bastard is gonna melt on me."

He chuckled, "Ah the worst kind of crime."

She gave him a look, glancing over his work on the board, "What are you doing?"

"I'm using seemingly random placed pieces of evidence to try and trace them back to a point of origin." He explained in as little detail as he could.

"You mean like a firework?" She questioned her head tilted in curiosity.

He nodded impressed with her line off thought being in the same sort of space that his was, "Well, yes but I was think more like a sprinkler."

She nodded taking another bite of her banana flavored ice cream, "Yeah, I was just thinking that a firework when it first explodes makes a more precise circle than a sprinkler would."

He paused in his work whipping around to stare at her, she paused her spoon mid way to her mouth, eyes wide and startled at his sudden

movement.

"You're right." He muttered spinning back around and making some minor modifications, to his work, standing back to take in his final project.

"I think this is it," He said under his breathe, rushing to the computer on his desk, nudging Rezi's leg out of the way which she then crossed over the other one. He entered the equations and hit print, with a satisfied nod of his head. "Rezi, we did it!"

She laughed raising her spoon in the air in celebration still not knowing what it was even for, "Opa!" She cheered her Greek blood showing easily, "You want a bite?" She asked raising her spoon toward his face greatly underestimating the distance between them as it easily smudged over his bottom lip and chin.

Her mouth popped open in surprise and she dropped the spoon, it clattered to the floor and he glare at her, that look accompanied with the ice cream on his face was something she evidently found hilarious, tossing her head back to laugh, her cheeks coloring pink in her joy.

She lifted her hand to try and whip the ice cream off his chin but she was laughing so hard that her small hands were shaking, He rolled his eyes grappling it before it could make it to his face, noticing that her nails were painted jade green.

"Charlie." He was startled by the sound of his older brothers voice, his head turning to face the door way that Don was standing in, noting the pointed look on his face.

He then realized that the picture that they made, ice cream in her hand and all over his face, while she sat on his desk and he held her hand, probably didn't look as innocent as it actually was, especially when he had to stop himself was staring at her throughout his classes and she was his student.

He cleared his throat stepping back away from her, quickly grabbing a tissue to clean the mess off his face.

He cleared his throat, as she hopped off his desk her sweater once again slipping off her shoulder. "Don, this is Rezi Elias one of my students, Rezi this is agent Don Eppes, my brother."

Don raised an eyebrow excepting her hand shake and smile, noting the look that his little brother had been giving the laughing girl. "You got anything?" He questioned his brother, while Rezi threw away the pint, and grabbed her bag, slinging it over her shoulder that was covered.

"Yes, in fact I've just had a break through!" He said with enthusiasm.

"Great, you ready to present it to the team then?" Don asked a little impatient.

"Yes, but I'm gonna need Rezi."

End
file.